



# Find me Where I lay



👁 8 🍀 0 ⭐ 2

## Chapter 1 by Riley

Chapter 1

Screams rippled into my mind.

The memories haunt me like it was yesterday.

I felt it before it came.

It was like rain, but instead of the bitterness you taste in the air, you see people acting strange, fighting almost.

But I knew it was coming. Even without a hint.

They told me.

But I told no one.

They took everything from me.

Family.

Friends.

Each and every one.

Gone.

Everything I cared about, leaving me with half a heart.

Everything I lived for.

There was a time, when I was younger, about the same age as my little brother was, when everything was perfect.

Flowers bloomed in all colors imaginable, yellow purer than the sun setting on a beautiful day, blue as pale and tender as the sky, green as green as the top of the tallest evergreen tree on a brisk winter day, and so, so many more colors I can't even begin to describe.

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People from the village

From the second the sun

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they can come there will be no need to the world because a community people hidden in the flowers

My spot is secret. I could see everything, but I felt helpless and weak, knowing I could not control what was happening. No one knew of my spot. My spot was my weakness.

Stars shined through my spot, meeting the sun twice. People didn't see me, but I saw them. The flowers in the field visited me in my colorful garden.

The sky is probably what I miss most, during the day the sky was such a perfect mixture of baby blue and cornflower blue with clouds that fluffed like cotton candy and moved in perfect unison. Clouds lived in the sky. They move around, and dance in the wind. No one can control the clouds. No one could control the clouds.

The clouds covered up the sun on some days, only allowing a buttery light to shine through them. They would move with the sun. Following it wherever it went. Together they danced until the moon came out.

The sun... the sun was amazing! The way it danced across the sky with the moon always at its tail, always giving the perfect amount of light, forming the perfect amount of heat to behold upon us. Not hesitating to show its full glow.

Specks of blue show their face little by little during the day, only to be swept away by the call of night.

When the sun is gone, the moon would come out. Similar to water, it takes the form of its container. Silver light spilled from the skies during the night, surrounded by stars.

I miss the moon, and the stars. I miss the call of night. And the song of day. I miss the warmth you feel during the day, and the coldness at night. I miss the hope I had, and the faith I need. I miss the sky.

At night, when all the other children were asleep in bed, I would be on the roof admiring the occasional light show performed only in the shrouding the once lively and bright blue sky. Greens, Blues and purples danced throughout the night sky, creating aurora borealis or Northern lights.

I've only seen the Northern Lights once, and that was before the sky died. My life is easy, compared to others. I've only lost my parents and brother. Others have lost themselves. I had the power to find them before they were lost. I knew it was coming. The sky is dead, because of me.

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It clouds us. All of us. And it's my fault. I waited for something to happen, that I thought impossible, and it did. I wished for it to go away the second it came. But wishing wouldn't help. It never does anything but makes things worse. Who ever believed in faith any way?

A dark voice comes on the speaker.

"598" No one knows what they want us here for, but we go along with it. Juniper is in front of me, but we don't talk.

She has long blonde hair, that is slightly curled at the end. Her nose is sprinkled with a glimmer of freckles, and is slightly pointed at the tip. Often she will wear her uniform, but put something in her hair to make it stand out.

She takes it out before we go outside though, she has almost gotten caught a couple of times wearing her hair clips. I know, in a world without fire, there has to be at least one spark. Her hair clips are just the beginning of a spark.

I had a sky. I had night and day, sitting in the palm of my hand. I had a fire. A fire built from many sparks. I had a family. A family I loved. A family who loved me.

Pure imagination flowed through some, I killed that too.

No one blames me though though. But they don't know. They don't know why they are stuck here.

Trapped here.

Prison.

A prison is punishment.

This is a prison.

But only I did something wrong.

I killed they sky.

"599" Juniper and I look at each other, but still don't say anything as she walks into the room. I'm next. 600.

It's the simple things in life that I miss the most. A town full of people. To be able to look outside and see colors. To be able to smile whenever you want.

They gave us rules, they are quite simple to follow, if you don't want to die..

Awake by 6:00. Inside by 6:00.

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Books other than in skin, the ones that are

Always waiting 6:00

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What happens to them? What happens to all the others? What will happen to us?

"600. You will be our last." What do they mean by last? What are they going to do with the other people?

It doesn't matter. Add them to the list.

I killed the sky.

Coated with a dark oily substance, almost like we have been placed under a constant storm of pure darkness. It changed the people. Made us fighting machines in progress. Everyone fought for the first few days, fought themselves.

The dark door awaits my entrance. "600."

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